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THE MYSTERIOUS BOX.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Horace Flintwood sat alone in his scantily furnished apartment. Outside the meagre windows, the rough storm beat clamourslly for admittance, and the wind whistling and moaning down the great black-throated chimney, made bright, waving phantoms of the red flames which leaped over the few bits of wood upon the hand-irons.

There was but a little fire—but that little, lighted up the handsome face of young Flintwood, with a pale ghostly gleam. And in that face, by the light you could read the fearful tale of utter poverty, and near starvation! There was hunger in the wild expression of the hollow eyes and upon the broad white forehead, where the transparent skin failed to conceal the delicate vein-tracery wrought there.

Two years before, Horace Flintwood had left his pleasant home in a country section of Massachusetts, and his aged parents, to seek his fortune in the great city of the West, C——; where we find them at the commencement of our story.

The old homestead the blessed old place where his childhood had been passed was mortgaged, and it was to obtain money to save the home of his parents from stranger hands, that young Flintwood had bid farewell to those he loved and joined the great stream of western emigration. His trade—that of a bricklayer—at first procured him ready money in flattering quantities; but as people were unsatisfied with settling so far east as C——, the young mechanic soon found himself deprived of employment.

He would have followed the current on—even to the shores of the Pacific, but an attack of fever brought him to his bed, and he at length arose to find himself deprived of every dollar which he could once call his own. On the very verge of starvation? He thought of begging his way back to his parents but his pride revolted. They were poor, and looked to him for the restoration of their dissipated fortune! should they see him come back to them pennyless and starving? No not even if he died in that great city alone—and for the want of bread! He could not go back to them only to increase ther cares, and be but an additional burden upon their scanty means

Horace Flintwood was thinking of all this, while sitting there by the waning fire that chill November night, and as he thought despair crept into his heart. Out on the muffled air boomed, shrill and clear, the bell upon a neighboring tower pealing eleven!

As the last echoing ring ceased, there came a short, quick rap at Horace's door. He answered the summons, and a figure, closely wrapped in a black cloak, strode into the room, and without a word sat down on the chair which Horace had vacated.

"A wild evening, friend," Horace remarked, to break the awkward silence.

"Very. Are you engaged this evening?" The stranger's tones were quick and imperative.

"Engaged?" Horace started at the question, "certainly not at this time of night."

"Are you in want of money?" The unknown bent a glance of piercing inquiry upon Hoarce, from a pair of black, flashing eyes, set far back under cliff-like brows.

"Sir, I am not accustomed to answer questions concerning my private affairs." Hoarce drew himself up proudly, and something like a frown passed over his pale brow.

"I require a job of work done—done by a good, faithful hand—a discreet workman, I mean, and such is your reputation among those who best know you."

Hoarce bowed.

"It is a small job, but I wish it finished to-night—to-night!" repeating the words with startling emphasis, "and you must do it!"

"Well, sir, work would be very acceptable to me—I need the money bad enough, but midnight is rather a singular time to call upon the services of a bricklayer."

"Granted—but I ask it, nevertheless—and still farther; you must be blind-folded, and conveyed to the place where you are to labor in a close carriage, and return to your lodgings in the same way. Moreover, you must swear never to reveal a single thing which may occur to you this night, to any living creature!"

The unknown had risen to his feet, and stood silently and haughtily awaiting Horace's reply.

The young bricklayer seemed much struck by the mysterious proposition of his strange visitor.

"Could I but know that there was nothing criminal nothing——"

"It's enough that you have nothing to do but follow my directions. All will be well with you; and the pay shall be in advance, if you require it." He flung down a purse well filled with gold upon the table Horace's eyes glistened, but he was silent.

"There are one hundred dollars—they are yours if you consent,"

"One hundred dollars impossible! I cannot accept—it looks too much like a bribe for committing some horrid crime—some—"

"Hush! my friend, I know your circumstances, and your services to-night will fully compensate me for the trifling sum Do you consent?"

Horace threw on his well-worn over coat, and taking with him some small implements of his trade, he followed the unknown to the waiting carriage. Once within the vehicle, a handkerchief was bound tightly over his eyes, and the night of blindness settled over every object.

On, and on rolled the phæton, over Boynton's Bridge, and past the canal toll-gate, over the brick pavements, out upon the plank road, until at last the wheels revolved upon the hard gravel of a turn pike. Bye-and-bye, the way became rough and stony, and Horace knew that they had left the city and its environs far behind them. Not a word had been exchanged between the young mechanic and the unknown; and the man who held the reins and guided the horses, was silent as the grave.

At length the carriage stopped, and Horace was assisted to alight. He was conducted up a grassy path, and into some sort of a building—he knew it by the confined air and the heavy clang of doors behind him. With the unknown holding fast to his arm, he ascended two flights of stairs—then passed through several mouldy, damp rooms; then down a flight of steps; through a long, empty corridor; and then, successively descended four winding staircases—the last of unhewen stone. The air grew moist and dense, the odor oppressive.

"Where are you leading me?" Flintwood ventured to ask of his mysterious guide.

"It matters not!" was the brief, stern reply.

They stopped before a massive iron door, strongly secured by belts, fastening in grooves cut far into the solid rock of the casing. Down into their niches fell the ponderous bars as the twain passed through the entrance, and the door closed to with a dull, heavy bang.

The unknown paused, and drew off the bandage from Horace's eyes.

They stood in a long, low apartment, the sides of which were of black brick, and the arched roof of dingy grey stone. The dim light which the unknown carried in his hand only served to make more hideous the dismal gloom of the place.

In the centre of the room there was an oblong box, of unpolished oak, screwed together by heavy iron screws, and in general appearance not unlike a coffin.—A thrill of superstitious horror passed through Horace's frame; he started back a few paces, still regarding with distended eyes the object before him.

"Well!" he spoke, inquiringly.

"That box," returned the unknown, "contains a treasure—of what form it matters not to you; suffice it that I wish it placed here"—he pointed to a recess in an angle of the wall—"and then you are to build across the aperture a solid line of masonry—solid, mind you! two tiers of brick, breastwise, and a coat of strong plaster over the whole! You will find all the materials, necessary to your work, here; and at precisely four o'clock I shall expect to have the job complete. Until that hour you will be alone—then I will come for you!"

Horace drew back. "I cannot, unless I know the contents of that casket! It may be that I am employed—made the instrument of some dreadful villainy! indeed, indeed I cannot go to work in this blind uncertainty!"

"Choose between it and death!" came through the clenched teeth of the unknown, and drawing a revolver from his breast, he held it in frightful proximity to the young man's forehead.

"Your decision!" His voice was low but awfully clear and distinct.

"I concent" Horace spoke the words without a shadow of quavering.

"Enough and now I leave you to yourself. If your work is done to my satisfaction, an additional hundred shall reward you for the fright I have given you!" He lighted an Iron lamp which hung suspended from the roof of the cellar and with a corteus 'good night,' the unknown withdrew bolting the door behind him.

Horace was left alone in the silent and misterious chamber,

A strange awe stole over him, and mingled with the overmastering curiosity, he felt to examine the sealed box. Come what would he determined to have a glimpse of "the treasure" concealed there, and Horace Flintwood, when once resolved upon anything, however perilous, was as immovable as the eternal rock of Gibralter!

Securing the great door upon the inside, with a couple of rusty bars which had probably been unused from time immemorial, he drew from his pocket a mason's small chisel, and applied it to the screws upon the box. They yielded, one after another, and in a short space of time Flintwood drew off the oaken cover. A sight met his eyes which well nigh paralyzed him.

The body of a girl, young and surpassingly fair, robed in white linen, lay before him! There was death upon her brow, and eternal slumber on her lips! Her long chesnut hair swept bright and glistning down her wax-white neck, and the lids over her full, half-closed blue eyes seemed but drooping before the fixed gaze of him who bent over her. Entranced enraptured, fascinated, Horace gazed upon the corpse!

Speech, motion, everything seemed gone out from him—all his faculties were concentrated into one sense—that of seeing!

The striking of a distant clock the hour of one, aroused him to a sense of his condition. His thoughts came back, and rushed through his brain with the rapidity of lightning.

Wall up this beautiful creature in a cellar, amid the dampness and everlasting gloom! Who knew what fearful secret might be buried with her? Who could tell the story of her death? What might not those lips unsealed—unsealed from their cold silence—reveal of foul crime and base villainy?

Could he bury her from sight forever with that dreadful mystery hanging around her? Would he do the deed? Never! God helping him, never!

Immediately he set about an examination of the walls of the cellar, and by careful sounding he was enabled to detect the outer wall! He brought some of his tools to the side of the masonry, and in fifteen minutes had made an aperture the size of a man's body through the brickwork. Fresh air, from heaven's outer courts, fanned his brow, and the heavy plunge of rushing water could be distinctly heard. Evidently the building into which he had been so strangely conveyed, was situated in the vicinity of some river, if not upon its very banks.

A wild, romantic plan—possible from its very impossibility—swept through his mind. Why not remove the body to the shores of the river, from whence he could he felt convinced, subsequently discover and take it away to at least Christian burial. He could brick up the recess, as his employer required, and who would be the wiser!

This plan, once conceived was carried into effect without hesitation. By diligent labor he soon enlarged the cavity in the wall sufficiently for his purpose, and letting himself carefully out he reconnoitered the premises. The night was black as Erebus, and he could ascertain but little beyond the fact that he stood in a deep drain which surrounded the mansion. The ascent from this drain was steep and precipitous, but Horace felt within himself the power to do great things, and he returned at once to the cellar.

Replacing the cover upon the box, and lightly fastening the screws, he sprang through the aperture and drew it after him. With the greatest difficulty he succeeded in raising the heavy, oaken box to the surface of the ground, for the sides of the drain were wet and slippery The gush of water could be very plainly distinguished at but a little distance off, and close upon the mansion, evidently between him and the river, rose a black copeswood of low alders. Into these he at once dashed, bearing his load, and in fifteen minutes he stood upon the borders of a great river—a river which, he felt assured, was none other than the Des P——.

He deposited his burden, for he had not a moment's time to waste, in a dense thicket close to the river's edge, and marking the spot by suspending his white pocket-handkerchief from an overhanging branch. he hastily retraced his way and arrived in safety in the vault. Drawing forth his watch—the little silver watch which had been his dead sister's and which no earthly need could induce him to part with—he saw that it was near two o'clock. But a brief period remained for the performance of his task, and never did mortal man labor with greater assiduity than did Horace Flintwood.—At the end of eighteen minutes, the torn wall was mended in so skilful a manner that it would have defied the scrutiny of the closest observer. This done he commenced upon the recess. Tier after tier of brick rose up, and at length the aperture was closed. It only remained to add another thickness of brick, and over all the thick coat of plaster, as the unknown had indicated. Flintwood was just putting the finishing touch to the plastering, when the great door (which he had previously unfastened) swung slowly open, and his mysterious employer entered the room.

A sardonic smile gleamed from his black, fiery eyes, for no other feature of his face was visible.

"So you are punctual to the time my friend." He approached and laid his hand upon Flintwood's shoulder. "Well I admire punctuality. And now, as we are about to go forth from hence, I require you to swear eternal silence on the events of this night—silence as unbroken as the darkness of the tomb!"

The wild eyes flashed savagely down into Horace's face, and though his voice did not tremble, his cheek be came pale as he spoke.

"I swear!"

"Enough! A man like you will keep an oath! Your work is done well."

"I am happy to have pleased you! It was thoughtful in you to select such a place for your gold—the most cunning burglar would never guess it!"

"You will loose nothing by your exceeding cleverness," he said, as he was fixing the bandage over Horaces's eyes, "here, my friend, is a little present for you," and he placed a parcel in the mechanic's hand

The same road was driven over, the same unearthly silence preserved in the phæton, and near daybreak, Horace was left blind folded at the door of his lodgings. He tore off the handkerchief and looked wildly around him, but he saw only great, crazy houses and smoky manufactories. The carriage and its mysterious occupants had vanished.

He bethought himself of the parcel given him by the unknown, and breaking it open, he found simply a one hundred dollar note enveloped in brown paper.

Early on the morning subsequent to the events chronicled above, a boat, containing two persons, might have been seen proceeding at good speed up the Des P—— river. Arrived within half a mile of Woodstock the way lay through, or between, high banks which were covered with a witch-hazel. From the overhanging bough of a haw tree a white handkerchief fluttered in the wind, and the signal did not long escape the anxious eye of the taller of the two boatmen.

"'Tis the very place! I knew it!" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

In a few moments the boat was resting in a little cove directly beneath the signal.

Flintwood, for the reader has probably recognized our old friend, sprang upon the shore, followed closely by his companion; and after a brief search, the box containing the mysterious corpse was discovered. Immediately it was placed in the boat, the handkerchief was removed from the tree bough, and the light craft shot off like an arrow down the stream.

They drew up the boat, after a good two hours' sail, at an obscure wharf in the little village of N——, and a carriage was evidently waiting their arrival took them and their freight to a large old house situated a little out of the village.

Flintwood had the box conveyed to an upper chamber of this building, and when left alone with it, he unscrewed the cover and looked upon the face sleeping within its shadow. As he gazed, he saw there was a warm perspiration upon the forehead of the seeming corpse, and that a tinge of life-like redness was upon the slightly parted lips.

The young man sprang from the room and in fifteen minutes he returned accompanied by a physician. The man of science, after a brief examination of the body, reported "temporary suspension of animation, influenced by some drug administered while in great bodily prostration." Futhermore, the physician asserted that the body was that of Gertrude Winchester, the belle and heiress, whose disappearance had caused so great a sensation of grief and wonder in the fashionable circles of C——, some three months previous!

Dr. Wellman suggested the most rigid secresy concerning the mysterious discovery of the body, and, in the meantime, exerted himself to the utmost to restore the lady to life and consciousness. His efforts were successful, and by sundown of that day Gertrude was able to converse. So soon as deemed practicable by the medical attendant, the story of her abduction from the dismal vault of the old country home was told to her, and at her request Flintwood was called in, and she gave succinctly the following account:

"Fifteen months ago, my father, Norton Winchester, died, and I, by his will as well as by right, was made sole heir to his great property. I had neither brothers nor sisters, and my mother being deceased some four years, I had no nearer relative than a maternal cousin, who is known as Col. Glines—Richard Glines, of Woodstock Downs. This man's envy was excited, it appears, toward me, and although he was careful to avoid arousing my suspicions, I soon came to know that he nursed against me the bitterest rancor. Probably this was, in some measure, increased by my refusal to form a matrimonial alliance with his son—a dissolute young man—whom I could regard with no other sentiment than the most sincere pity.

"I had ever been fond of equestrian sports, and was in the habit of riding out every pleasant morning, on a horse which my poor father imported for my especial use. On the last of August, as I was taking my accustomed ride—as it happened entirely unattended—in passing through a strip of forest near W—— Moor, I was seized by a violent hand, and drawn from my horse into a close carriage which had driven hurriedly up. Half dead with terror, yet I recognized in the countenance of the man who held me firmly in my seat, the hated features of Col. Glines! To all my cries and agonized inquires as to what he intended to do with me, he made but one reply—a low, almost infernal laugh.

"At last, but all too soon, the carriage stopped at the gateway of that horrid place known as 'Woodstock's Terror'—the house rendered terrible by the Rillston murder, committed there ten years ago—and more dead than alive I was dragged within the shadow of its dreadful rooms. Words cannot express to you the agony I suffered for the next two months. Persecuted by Col. Glines, tortured with the presence of his wretched son, and confined a prisoner in the dwelling of my deadliest enemies! No tidings of the world beyond those high, black enclosures reached me: and I gave myself up for lost! Indeed, I little cared how soon death came and released me from this horrible bondage. Every day I was beset with arguments, entreaties, threats and imprecations, all tending to ward gaining my consent to a marriage with Harwall Glines. I remained firm to the last, and received in return for my temerity an apartment under grouud, and securely barred and bolted. The rigorous, unusual confinement brought on a lingering fever, and I could plainly see that my persecutors intended it should terminate in my death. I had taken no medicine throughout my illness, and therefore you may well believe I was surprised, when Col. Glines brought me; one morning, a dark liquid mixture, which he said would make me well. I drank more from thirst than from the wish of reviving to my dread life again and immediately a slumberous sensation benumbed every faculty. I heard voices in conversation—those of Col Glines and his son—I hard them arrange the disposition of my body when the sleeping postion should have taken effect, and with scarcely a thrill, I learned that I was to be placed in cellar, and enclosed within a solid pile of masonry while yet alive! remember no more! It is all a blank and void till now."

Gertrude Winchester fully recovered her health beneath the hospitable roof of the kind boatman, and in due time appeared again to her astonished household, who had mourned her dead.

Col. Glines had applied for legal possession of her property, but owing to some delay in the city courts he had not been able to assume formal occupancy.

Immediately on Gertrude's re-appearance, he fled from "Woodstock's Terror" with his son, and no subsequent tidings of them ever reached C——. "Woodstock's Terror" soon became a ruin, and one night it was reduced to ashes during a violent thunder storm. Whether it was fired by a bolt from heaven, or by the hand of man, was never known.

Gertrude Winchester naturally felt very grateful to Horace for rescuing her from a dreaded fate, and she displayed her gratitude in a somewhat singular manner.

It was quite a little romance, the newspapers of the day said, and now it had all ended in that common-place affair—a wedding—with eight bridesmaids, and a corresponding number of groomsmen.

With the full approbation of his bride, Horace Flintwood went North, and returned accompanied by his worthy parents, who henceforth through their lives, found a pleasant home in the luxurious residence of their son and his affectionate young wife.

"SAVE IT IN SOMETHING ELSE."—It is an every day saying with people about to indulge in a questionable expense, "Oh! it won't cost much after all, and we can save it in something else." There are hundreds of households in this great city, where these, or similar words, have been used this very day. Does a husband wish some costly delicacy for his dinner, which his careful wife thinks they cannot afford, he quiets her scruples, or forces her to deny heself what is positively needful, by telling her she can "save it in something else." Is a wife determined to outshine her neighbor in dress? She passes lightly over her extravagance in milliners and mantua-makers by assuring her husband volubly that she can "save it in something else." Does a man, who can illy afford it, buy a fast trotter? He is sure to inform you that he can "save it in something else." Is a woman bent on giving an extravagant party? She has her answer ready, "I can save it in something else." Rarely is a foolish expenditure entered on, an expenditure which is beyond a person's means, that the reply is not made to the conscience, if not to others, "I can save it in something else."

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

TO BE READ BY UNCIVIL BOYS.

In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school got up a grand sleigh ride. The sleigh was a large and beautiful one, and drawn by six grey horses.

On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the school room, he found his pupils in high merriment, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give an account of their trip and its incidents.

As he drew near the end of the story, he exclaimed: "Oh, sir! there was one little circumstance that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw a queer looking affair in the road.—It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

"Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. They produced a right effect, for the crazy old machine turned out into the deep snow and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

"As we passed, some one gave the old gilt of a horse a good crack which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so with another volley of snow balls pitched into the front part of the wagon, and with three times three cheers, we rushed by.

With that, an *old fellow* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse!' 'Why dont you turn out then?' said the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and run up against a loaded team, and I believe, almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

"Well boys," replied the instructor, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too. Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring he took with him his wagon, for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind his wagon.

"His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of of his youth—of his manhood, and of his riper years. Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

"In his trepidation he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite benumbed with cold, he could not gather them up, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's troubles, there rushed by him with loud shouts, a large party of boys in a sleigh, drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow! Give us the road old boy! What will you take for your pony, old daddy? What's the price of oats?' were the various cries that met his ears.

"Pray do not frighten my horse!" exclaimed the infirm driver.

"Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow balls, and three tremendous cheers from the boys that were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse were increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent peril of his life. He contrived, however, to secure his reins, and stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor, and that *old fellow* and *old boy*, (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach.) that *old daddy*, was your master's father!"

Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks; some cried, and many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil in future to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the aged.

☞ About the best thing, it would seem, that a man can do these times, in the way of providing for his family, would be to get killed on a railroad—taking pains, to choose one which still remains solvent. We observe that a widow in Massachusetts the other day recovered $18,000 damages against the Worcester Railroad for having killed her husband.

BE POLITE.

It is said that George McDuffie, of South Carolina, was very polite even when a little boy. One evening he was holding a little calf by its ears while his mother milked the cow, and a gentleman passing by said, "Good evening, my little son."

George returned, "Good evening, sir," with such a polite bow, that the gentleman noticed him and said:

"Why didn't you pull off your hat, my little man?"

George answered, "If you will get down and hold my calf for me, I will pull off my hat to you."

George's politeness and shrewd remark were the making of him. That gentleman said to his mother:

"Your son is a smart boy, and if properly trained, will make a great man some day. If you will permit me, I will give George a good education, and give him a start in the world."

The mother thanked the gentleman for his kindness and let him take charge of her son. George arose from the ears of his calf to the highest rank in the legal profession; he was then sent to the State Legislature—then to Congress—then made Governor of South Carolina.

I wish all my little nephews and cousins to be polite. A polite bow and a "Good evening sir," cost nothing, but are sometimes worth a great deal. One courteous bow was worth a fortune to little George McDuffie.

Everybody likes polite children.—Worthy persons will pay attention to such, speak well of their good manners, and entertain a good opinion of their parents. I fear teachers do not pay sufficient attention to this subject. They ought to lecture their pupils at least once a week upon "the rules of politeness." Little boys and girls are ignorant of these rules, and teachers are the proper persons to teach them. The school is the proper place, too, because it is a little community affording frequent occasion for the exercise of politeness.

When I used to go to school, my teacher made it a rule that every boy should make a bow and every girl a courtesy as we entered the door every morning, and do the same as we left at evening. And our instructor would invariably notice us with a polite bow, unless he happened not to see us. I like every rule that helps to refine our manners and improve our hearts.

My little readers—scholars—salute your teacher every morning with a graceful bow and a "good morning, Mr. M——," and at evening if convenient, part with him in the same way; and be polite to everybody, especially to old persons.

Joe Morgan's Little Daughter.

She was wont to run over to the tavern in the evening to lead home her drunken father. Just as she was entering the door one night, Slade hurled a tumbler at her father, but struck *her* on the head, and resulted in her death. Morgan bent down his ear.

"You will only have mother left," Mary said; "only mother. And she cries so much when you are away."

"I won't leave her, Mary, only when I go to my work," said he, whispering back to the child, "and I'll never go out at night any more."

"Yes, you promise me that."

"And I'll promise more."

"What, father?"

"Never to go into the tavern again."

"Never?"

"No never. I'll promise still more."

"Father?"

"Never to take a drop of liquor as long as I live."

"O, father! dear father!" and with a cry of joy Mary started up and threw herself upon his breast. Morgan drew his arm tightly around her, and sat for a long time with his lips pressed to her cheek, while she lay against his bosom as still as death. As death! Yes; for when the father unclasped his arms, the spirit of his child was with the angels.

GOSPEL DOCTRINE.—The doctrine of the gospel is like the dew and the small rain that distilleth upon the tender grass, wherewith it doth flourish and is kept green. Christians are like the several flowers in a garden, that have each of them the dew of heaven, which being shaken with the wind, they let fall at each others' roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become nourishers of each other.

AN OLD METHODIST MINISTER DEAD.—Rev. Lewis Skidmore, well known over the State as a Methodist minister of forty or more years standing, died at his residence in Charlotte county on Thursday the first inst.—*V. Argus.*

One may be more cunning than another, but not more cunning than all the world.—Bonney

WHEN we are most ready to perish, then is God most ready to help.